

WASHINGTON TIMES DIVISION of the INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

FIND THE ANTELOPE.



Let us see how many Sunshine readers have sufficient artistic ability and imagination to detect the antelope among the trees, and by joining the proper lines, to finish the drawing.

The Sunshine Editor will give a new dollar bill to each of the three Sunshine members who send in the best answers to the puzzle.

CATCHING CAPE HENS.



The green hands aboard the East India trader Bride had listened with keen interest to the yarns of the elders about albatrosses, Cape hens, and Cape pigeons, with which they expected to fall in when rounding the Cape of Good Hope on their voyage to Madras. The boys were keyed up to the highest pitch by the romantic fiction, and before crossing the line they all prepared their tackle for catching flocks of wild sea birds. Queer, isn't it, how tarry old salts just love to impose on credulous sea ducklings.

The breezes had been strong and fair and the sea birds were few. Such as they had seen contented themselves with following far astern in the wake of the ship and swooping down on any stray fragment that the cook threw overboard. Thus it was that the boys had not seen any of the sea birds at close quarters, and their curiosity had been keenly whetted.

The albatross, once seen, can never be mistaken. On the wing, it is superior to the storm; in the water it looks as humdrum as a barnyard goose. The Cape hen is about as big as an average turkey, and it is the most savage and most rapacious of sea birds. I never had an opportunity of learning its scientific name, but I am sure it deserves one. The name Cape hen, is not expressive enough for a bird with the fighting qualities and greed of this feathered biped. A sailor, who fell overboard, had little trouble in scaring away an albatross, but was fiercely attacked and badly wounded by the Cape hen. The Cape pigeon is a pretty little bird with black spots. It is shaped more like a teal than a pigeon, has the webbed feet and the bill of a duck and is easily captured.

The fresh northwester died away and

was succeeded by a flat calm, and the birds came along for a closer view. One by one albatrosses approached, but there were, perhaps, a dozen Cape hens and a swarm of Cape pigeons. They swam about the ship and seemed as tame as water fowl in the pond of a park.

Fishing lines and hooks were produced, the bait being scraps of salt beef or pork. There was no difficulty in catching the Cape pigeons, but the Cape hens were more wary. The solitary albatross also kept aloof.

Then the bright idea struck one boy to bait his hook with a fragment of a Cape pigeon. A Cape hen immediately swallowed the piece.

The Cape hen was too strong for John Campbell to hold, and he sang out for assistance. It took three boys to haul the creature aboard, so vigorous and aggressive was it.

It was knocked on the head with an iron belaying pin and put out of its misery.

John Campbell was mighty proud of his capture, and he gave his mates who helped him a share of the feathers for their trouble, so everybody was satisfied.

The sport was stopped suddenly by a puff of wind, which called the watch to trim sail. The calm was over and so was the sport, the albatross following the ship for several days afterward, finally to be shot by the skipper, who had promised his wife to take her home the skin of an albatross of his own killing.

After shooting the bird, he had a boat lowered to pick it up. He had no superstition about killing an albatross, and I never met a sailor who had. This, in spite of Coleridge and the "Ancient Mariner."

HOW TO FORM A SUNSHINE CIRCLE

All boys and girls under fifteen years of age who wish to join the Sunshine Society can form a circle of their own by sending to the Sunshine Editor, Times Office, Washington, D. C., for an enrollment blank. This enrollment blank will be forwarded to the given address at once by the Sunshine Editor. See boys and girls forming the circle will fill it out as directed, and return it to the Sunshine Editor with a notification of the time and place of their first meeting. The Sunshine Editor will then send the District Organizer to this meeting, and he will grant the circle their charter and number, and explain to them exactly how the sunshine work is carried on. The buttons can be obtained as directed on the coupon.



THREE SUNSHINE SECRETARIES.



MAMIE SHANNON,
Secretary American Beauty Circle.

CLARENCE EVERETTE,
Secretary Bloomingdale Circle.

CATHERINE DAVIS,
Secretary Busy Brook Circle.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH THE SUNSHINE MEMBERS.

Dear Boys and Girls:

What was the matter with the puzzles on the Sunshine page last week? Were they too hard for you? I am sorry if they were, and will promise not to make them so difficult again.

If you look at the Lion's Little Puzzle again you will see hidden in and around the tree at the left hand side of the pictures the letters of the alphabet from A to Q. A line traced from A to Q following the alphabetical order of each letter will form the word "Leo," the lion's name.

The rebus illustrated the following verse from Keats. Only one Sunshine member, and that a girl, sent in the right answer to this.

And oh! and oh!
The Daisies blow
And the primroses are awakened
And the violets white
Sit in silver light,
And the green buds are long in the spike end.

The hidden word puzzle was easy, and the little mouse gnawing at the net which bound the lion was not so very hard to find.

There have been several new circles organized lately, and I hope they will keep up the work as enthusiastically as they have begun it. The other circles are still sending in encouraging reports. If all the members would only remember that the little things which they may do for those about them will fall back upon their hearts as the summer dews fall upon vineyards, how much sunshine would be spread abroad. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a schoolboy crying in the street?

That little kind word dries his tears and his aching heart grows light and glad again. Who knows what a cloud of darkness one kind word may dispel? Wear a smile and make others happy. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed. I think the Sunshine boys and girls who have gone out to see the children at the Children's Hospital will realize what this means.

I wish some of you would go out to see Phil McGrath and John Krumbine at the Home for Incurables. I haven't heard of anything being done for these two lonely boys for some time, and I don't like to think of them being neglected. Won't some of you go out there and let me know what Phil and John have to say for themselves, and what they are doing this beautiful weather.

Your devoted friend,
THE SUNSHINE EDITOR.

NAUGHTY PUSS AND HUNGRY FIDO.



THE BATTLE OF THE BARRE.



It was supper time, and there were waffles and maple syrup—brown, sizzly waffles, with little square patterns on them, and hot syrup, thick enough to make candy of.

The Admiral and the Captain knew it was waffle night; but, although an occasional enticing whiff floated to their nostrils and made their mouths water, and although they heard the supper bell, they never stirred from their present duty; and although mother came out on the porch and called to them, the old barrel in the back yard, where they were hidden, refused to give up their secret.

"What d' you see, Cap'n?" said the Admiral.

"There's a man-a-war comin' down the bay," replied Captain Emmie, from her station at the bung-hole. "She's headin' this way. Stand by your guns and make ready. We must lay low till she's within firin' distance."

"Children!" cried Mother, "come to supper."

"She's tootin' now, an' tryin' to get the range. We must creep up careful, and never let on we're here."

The Admiral, who was also the Man Behind the Gun, primed and loaded his sling-shot, and stood, all a-quiver with excitement.

"Walter! Emmie!" Mother started down the path to look for the delinquents. They surely could not have heard her.

"She's bearin' down on us now. No, she's tacklin' to windward. We can't hit her yet," said the Captain.

Mother put her two hands to her mouth and called again, her very loud-est.

"She's blowin' off steam now, awful. She'll bust her boiler pretty soon. We must get where we can fire before anything like that happens."

"If I was a Man-o'-War, I'd steam along faster," said the Admiral. "Them waffles'll be gettin' cold."

"She's comin'," whispered the Captain, excitedly. "You better get your gun in the bung-hole."

"Tain't a bung-hole. It's a conning tower. Stand aside, then."

The Admiral adjusted his sling-shot, and took careful aim. Mother came on unsuspectingly, and pop! went a dried pea, straight against her dress.

"Did the shot take effect?" queried the Captain from the back of the barrel.

"Didn't seem to. She ain't settlin' much yet. Hurry up there and man the lifeboats. She's goin' to run us down."

Then two heads popped out, one on each side of the barrel, and two voices shouted:

"We surrender."

"Why didn't you answer when I called, you rascals?"

"Why, mother, we was a torpedo boat, and if you'd seen us you'd 'a' sunk us."

And Mother laughed, and went back to the house, hand in hand with her two prisoners of war.

BRINGING SUNSHINE INTO THE HOUSE.



Sunshine Society Coupon.

This coupon, presented at the business office of The Times, with 3 Cents, will be exchanged for a membership pin of the Sunshine Society. Members of the Billy Bounce Club may exchange their buttons for the Sunshine Society pin without charge. Fill out the following blanks, with your age, name, and address plainly written.

Name _____

Age _____

Address _____

LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS

Prize for Rebus.....Jane McBrier, 314 East Capitol St.
First Prize for The Lion in the Net.....Annie Mason, 96 Md. Ave. S. W.
Second Prize for The Lion in the Net.....Gordon Lewis, 1321 28th St. N. W.
Prize Hidden Word Puzzle.....Oliver W. Holmes, 726 2d St. N. E.
Prize Lion's Little Puzzle.....Theda Olive Baker, 623 23d St. N. W.